

U. S. Mines Own War Materials.

ONE of Congress's war appropriations was \$50,000,000 to stimulate the mining of metals needed in the manufacture of war materials. Among these are manganese, pyrite, tungsten, antimony, platinum, mercury, graphite and tin. All are to be found in this country, but are being imported at the rate of 2,000,000 tons annually.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Troubles of Harold's Father With Gypsies Blamed By Probyn for Borradaile Misfortunes

It was agreed that a certain part of Adderley Hall should be set apart for them, and that they should never be interfered with in their privilege of making what use they liked of this property. To a tribe of roving gypsies, constantly menaced by the authorities, this concession was invaluable, for who would have thought of looking for them in such a place—the home of one of the oldest and richest families in America?

It was further agreed that the secret should be kept inviolate by both parties to the agreement. To further this it was decided that no Borradaile should be told the absolute facts until he reached the age of thirty, or should be married before thirty, then he was to be told upon the day of his marriage. It was thought that a younger man might commit some act of folly and betray to the world the fact of the Borradaile illegitimacy.

For this reason, then, a wing of Adderley Hall was completely isolated from the rest of the building. It is easy to understand, is it not, how the legend grew up and took shape? Some one concealed in the walled-up rooms—there was, indeed, some one there, for it appears that the Valenskis made free use of their asylum—deformed creatures hidden away—the sight of some dark, swarthy gypsy, accidentally seen, might have given rise to this report. Besides, it appears that for generations the eldest sons of the descendants of the first Borradaile-Valenski have partaken in some measure of the deformity of their ancestor.

This, then, was the secret imparted to every Borradaile, his family illegitimacy, and the gypsy control over his ancestral home. To those of later date, the revelation was not very terrifying, more especially as somewhere toward the end of the eighteenth century the Borradailes altogether gave up living at Adderley; besides, the fear of the world becoming possessed of the secret was no longer so intense, and the gypsies themselves, though they maintained their privileges, had almost settled down to the position of family retainers.

The secret became imparted to the Borradailes because by degrees a family tradition, and one not to be particularly feared.

Such was the position when, in the usual course, the father of Harold became the possessor of the family secret. Let me say that to him the whole of the present trouble is due. He completely threw the amicable terms upon which the Borradailes stood with the gypsies and reopened the whole dispute of years before.

Was it in a spirit of bravado that he did this? It is impossible to say what motives inspired him. His actions must speak for themselves.

As soon as he was in possession of the facts he went abroad to Hungary to deal with the Valenskis—as he said—at first hand. He found his way to the castle, where I spent so many months of my life, which was then in the possession of the present Valenski's father. The old man had married one of the von Schoenhaims, the aristocratic family, which some years before had thrown in its lot with the gypsies. He had three children, two daughters and a son. The son we know to our cost; the youngest daughter was Dora, whom I married; the eldest, the eldest—it is about her that the mystery of today hangs, it is she whom I saw in the secret rooms of Adderley—it is she who has exerted her evil influence over our own generation.

I have not been able to gather very connected facts about this creature—I call her so, for the name of woman is hardly applicable to her. It appears that she was lost in the forest when quite a child, and her father never thought to see her again, presuming that she had been devoured by the wolves.

It was given to John Borradaile, in his wanderings, to discover her. She was a wild creature, a very wolf, with affinity for them. Of course, it is impossible for me to say how much of this is truth and how much mere legend. It is related that John Borradaile saw the wild girl and followed her to her lair, where he was set upon by a pack of wolves, and barely escaped with his life. But he carried her with him, though she scratched, and bit and tore at him with her long nails.

He brought her back to the Valenski castle, where she was recognized by the old man as his long lost daughter, and in time she was, to a certain extent, tamed. She had a weird beauty in those days, and perhaps the savagery in her appealed to John Borradaile, for the fact remains, extraordinary as it may seem, that after a while he married her according to gypsy rites, thus, as old Valenski pointed out to him, uniting the two families.

Of course, the infatuation did not last long. Vania, as she was called, was impossible as a companion. John Borradaile fled, even as I have done, and returned to his home. Here, possibly with the idea of protecting himself, and not looking at his marriage with Vania as legitimate, he contracted another marriage.

Hardly had this been done than he was confronted by the Valenski, father and son, and coerced into returning to Vania, who was about to become a mother.

own. The agreement was that the child should be proclaimed to the world as his son by his American wife, thus becoming the future owner of the estates. This was old Valenski's ambition. He recognized that it was the only strictly entitled estate remaining in America.

Unfortunately for this plan it was too soon apparent that Zoraka—as the child was named—was physically unfit for the part proposed. Borradaile, who had consented to this adoption of the child as the price of his liberty, flatly refused to carry out his undertaking. He was not, therefore, allowed to leave Adderley, but remained practically a prisoner in his own house for some years longer. In this period two other boys were born to him. They are those whom you know as Basil and Cyril. In the meanwhile, too, old Valenski died, and the son, intent upon his own studies in the art of poisons, relaxed for the time his vigilance upon Borradaile. No attempt was made to force either Cyril or Basil, both of whom were mentally deficient—more so than Zoraka—but not deformed, into the position which it was proposed that Zoraka should hold, and about a year after the birth of Basil, John Borradaile set young Valenski at defiance and returned to his American wife.

You know what followed. Mr. and Mrs. Borradaile went back to Helm, where they were joyfully welcomed after their long absence. No one but the husband and wife—for Mrs. Borradaile was presumably in the secret—knew what happened during the half-dozen years in which they had ostensibly been traveling abroad; the secret of Adderley was well kept.

Then at Helm a son was born to Mrs. Borradaile, an heir to the estates. And it was in regard to this child that Valenski the younger, more subtle than his father, took his revenge.

A few months earlier Vania had given birth to her fourth son, and Valenski contrived, by suborning the nurse, to substitute this child for Mrs. Borradaile's. Mrs. Borradaile, you may remember, was taken ill soon after her child's birth, and had to be separated from it for months; how then was she ever to notice the change when she had hardly seen her own baby?

It was with malicious glee and pride in himself that Valenski told me of this trick. He had done what his father had failed to do; he had established a Valenski as the recognized heir to the Borradaile estates. "And my revenge will be complete," he said, with a chuckle, "for one day John Borradaile and his wife shall know the truth; they shall know that their child is not their child, but that they have cherished to their hearts in spite of everything, a scion of the hated Valenskis. Luckily, as you know, this threat was never carried out, and both Mr. and Mrs. Borradaile died in ignorance of the fraud that had been imposed upon them."

But what Harold had to learn, when, on the night of his wedding, the secret of the Borradailes was imparted to him!

CHAPTER CLIV.
The Real Lord Borradaile.
Unfortunately for himself, continued the document, John Borradaile discovered the trick which had been practiced upon him. Probably this was owing to the gypsy mark upon the wrist of the child. I cannot say how this may be, but I know that his grief and rage were terrible to witness. He went to Valenski and threatened and prayed—but in vain. The gypsy was obdurate.

"The boy is your own son," he said, "and he has a just claim to be your heir. Disavow him now and you will have to acknowledge to the world the history of your own disgrace—a shameful story. Under those circumstances I should be even compelled to prove that the whole of your line is illegitimate. The true Borradaile of today is not you, but I."

"But at least give me back my child," moaned the wretched man. "I love him."

"The child is dead," said Valenski coldly. It was probably a lie, but he wished to put an end to the matter once and for all.

"You murdered him—you devil!" "No. He was well treated—as well treated as Vania's children. He died naturally of some infantile complaint."

John Borradaile was powerless to do more. He had come to love the substituted child before he had discovered the fraud. His wife passionately adored her supposed offspring. To tell her the truth would have been equivalent to a death blow.

Children of the 400 and Their Ponies

This is Miss Cornelia Prime and Prim, both of whom were among the prize winners at Piping Rock.

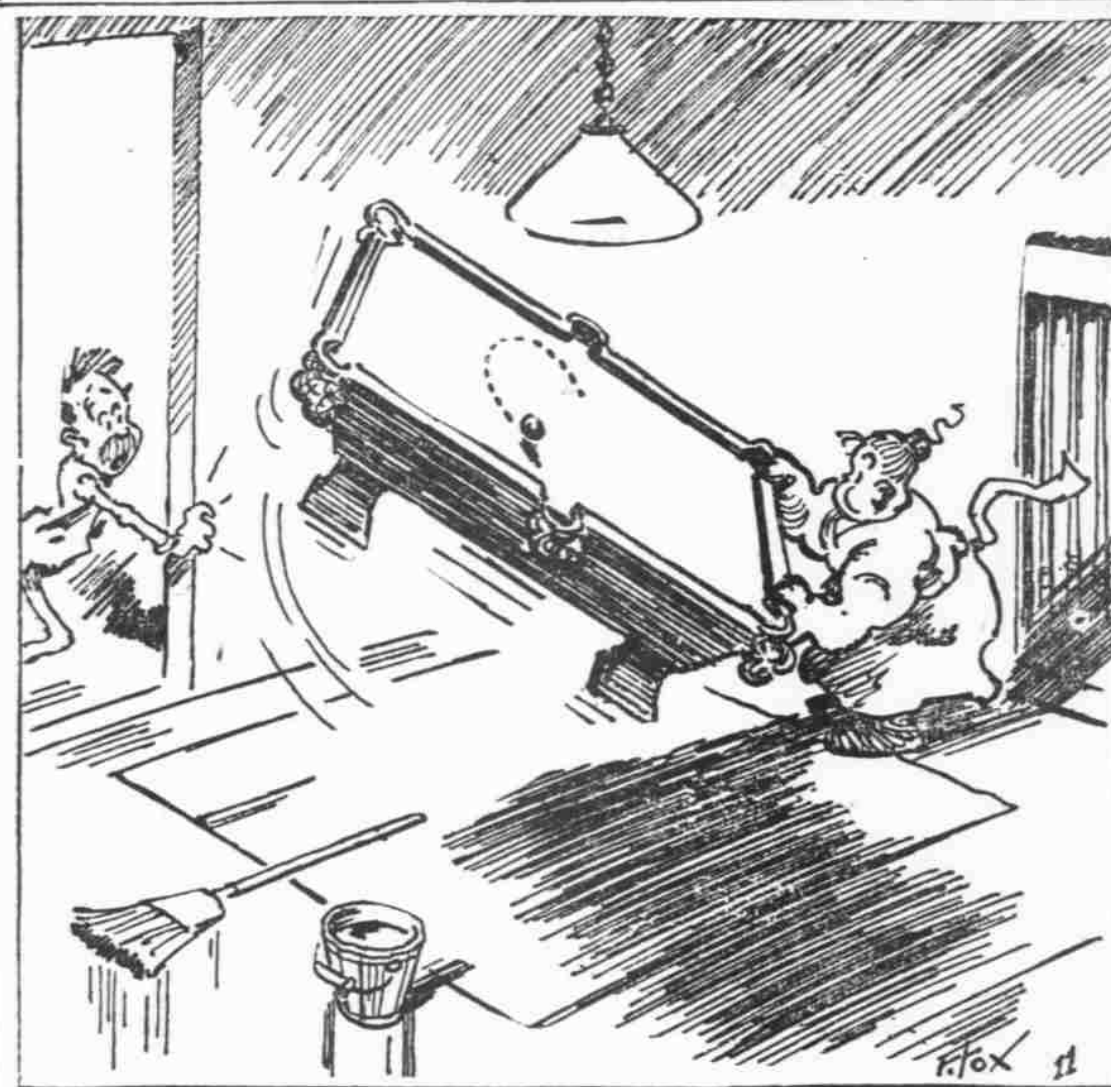


Photos by International.

Children and their ponies have formed a leading feature at all of the Fall horse shows. Here are two of the most popular young misses at the Piping Rock exhibits. This show, like many others, had a war charity object, being for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Dad Arrived Just In Time To See the Powerful Katrinka Put the Last Ball In the Side Pocket.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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that Zoraka, too, before Harold attained his thirtieth birthday.

Valenski's tale ended with the substitution of Vania's child for that of Mrs. Borradaile's, and with a statement that Mr. Borradaile had accepted the inevitable had not in any way repudiated Harold and had voluntarily retired into an asylum, where he would probably die.

John Borradaile, on his death, left his tangled affairs in the hands of the solicitor, Grimstead, an unscrupulous individual, who soon became subservient to Valenski and who cheated the unhappy Mrs. Borradaile without the smallest remorse.

Harold, curiously enough, grew up without any indication of his brothers' mental and bodily deformity. He was in every sense a fine specimen of English manhood, but the evil was in his blood, and it had to come out at last.

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have attained my father's object. A Valenski is now the rightful and acknowledged heir of the Borradailes. When Harold is thirty he shall be told the truth of his parentage. Till then matters must continue as they are. Vania is quite safe at Adderley. Her three sons are here in the Grange under the charge of our friend French and of Grimstead, who has for Mr. Borradaile—and for me as well. We receive considerable sums of money, which I store in Adderley or at my castle in Hungary. But we shall have more, for when Harold is of age he must recognize that the whole of the Borradaile estates are Valenski property. But till then I can afford to wait."

"And what would you have me do?" I asked.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

To Thrive at All Involves a Victory Over Sloth

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the operation of the first steam ferry in the United States, in 1811—a line from New York City to Hoboken. Only one boat was operated at first, but it did a big business, and more boats were soon added. Other ferry lines followed fast as the section all about Manhattan Island began to build up.

The Plotters

AN UNUSUAL SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST

Butler Leaves House in Which Chapin Lies Dead Without Any Explanation to Elizabeth.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.
(Copyright, 1914, Star Company.)

CHAPTER LV.

ELIZABETH WADE awoke from a heavy sleep. The sun was shining feebly through the drawn curtains. The light from the night lamp had burned itself out.

The girl sat up and tried to recollect how she happened to be here. Her neck was stiff and her back ached from having spent hours in a sitting posture.

As her eyes fell on Martha Chapin's bed she remembered what had happened. But where was Mrs. Chapin?

Rising stiffly from her chair, Elizabeth started across the room just as the door opened and Mrs. Chapin entered, fully dressed.

"Good morning, dearie," she said gently. "I awoke at 6 o'clock, and when I saw how you were sleeping I crept out of the room and got dressed. You must have been very tired, for you never moved."

"What time is it now?" the girl questioned.

"Now go and change your clothes to freshen yourself up a bit. Then come down and have some coffee. I just remembered you've not had a bite nor a sup since yesterday noon."

"Perhaps that's why I feel so queer and dizzy," the girl said as she went toward her own room. "What's stopping as she had some one moving about in the kitchen below—who is getting breakfast?"

"Mrs. Miller," Martha Chapin explained. "I went down just now and she said she must get down stairs. Mr. Butler asked Mr. Miller to let his wife come over here and do for us until you and me are feeling real good again. So she's arranged to stay on for several days."

"That's very kind," Elizabeth muttered.

She had slept so heavily and was so faint from lack of food that her brain worked slowly. She recalled as in a dream the happenings of last night. And she shrank from dwelling on them.

Seeks Butler in Vain.
Yet as she bathed and dressed, the haze lifted from her mind, and one by one each incident of the afternoon and evening stood out clearly.

Was John asleep? Had the sheriff been here yet? What had the corner of the Ark when the stairs as soon as she could and said her lover these questions.

But when she entered the dining room he was not there. Mrs. Miller was and Mrs. Chapin introduced her, seating herself at the table as she did so.

"Elizabeth, my dear, this is our neighbor, Mrs. Miller," she said. "Pleased to meet you," Mrs. Miller smiled. "I remember seeing you when I first came to this place to live, just after my marriage. But I guess you don't recollect me. You was only a small child then."

"No," Elizabeth responded politely, "I am afraid I don't recollect it. Mrs. Chapin has told me of your kindness in coming to us just now. We both appreciate it."

"Well, one must stand by neighbors in trouble," Mrs. Miller remarked. "That's what I told Mr. Sam last night when he came over for me. And I promised Mrs. Butler I'd stay. He was kinder worried."

Elizabeth noticed that the widow looked pale and nervous, and she changed the current of the conversation.

"Dear," she urged, "do take some coffee. It is so good and hot."

"Well, I'm glad you enjoy it," Mrs. Chapin rejoined. "My, but I feel like a great deal better this morning! I suppose it's on account of the shock," she added, tears coming to her eyes.

"Of course it is," Elizabeth sympathized. "You will feel better when your son arrives."

The words had the desired effect. The mother began to talk about her son, and Elizabeth, as an interested listener.

In silence, Elizabeth Wade ate a little breakfast and drank a cup of coffee, her thoughts busy with the man she loved.

Why had he not come down to breakfast? Was he, too, so tired that he had overslept? It was not like him not to be present at a time when he must know she would be nervous.

She thought of the form lying in the darkened room across the hall and felt suddenly sick and very much alone. She must not seem eager about John. Mrs. Miller was watching her and might suspect her anxiety if she asked questions about him. Yet she must find out how and where he was. A happy inspiration came to her.

"I went upstairs last night," she remarked, casually. "Mr. Miller was here. Has he gone home?"

"Yes," the wife nodded. "He had matters to attend to on our farm, you see. So I fixed him up a little breakfast real early and he drove back home."

Elizabeth's ruse had not proved successful. She must try again.

Butler's Absence Explained.
"It is too bad that you have so many breakfasts to prepare," she ventured. "First, one for Mr. Miller, then one for Mrs. Chapin and myself and one later for Mr. Butler when he comes down."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Miller spoke quickly as if to conceal her eagerness to impart a bit of interesting news. "I don't have to get breakfast for Mr. Butler. He's gone away. And that reminds me, he told me to tell you folks that he had some business he'd got to attend to in Midland."

Elizabeth wet her dry lips with her tongue.

"When will he be back?" she asked.

Suddenly she did not care who knew that she was engaged to John. All she cared about was his safety. "Well," Mrs. Miller evaded a direct reply, watching the girl curiously—"he was not sure. But he told me to tell you that you would either hear him or hear from him by noon."

"I asked him if there wasn't any other message, but he said 'no.' I promised to repeat to you just what he said. And that was all there was to it."

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(To Be Continued.)

Alfred Was Not So Glad.
A young wife put down her boots with a sigh. "What is it, darling?" her husband asked. "Ah, dearest, I am so happy!" she replied. "But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now."

"I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Oh, Alfred, dear, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary sort of fellow!"

INTERESTING STORIES

Rural Philosophy.

"Edward, my son," said a farmer who was milking the milk and water, "you see what I am doing?" "Yes, father," replied Edward. "You're pouring water into the milk."

"No, I'm not, Edward. I'm pouring milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water into the milk, you can tell them no. Always stick to the truth, Edward. Cheating is bad enough, but lying is worse!"

The Martinet.

Sergeant Masterton was noted as a very strict disciplinarian. "Shut!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Corporal Brakes, take Tompkins' name for talking in the ranks."

"But he wasn't talking," protested the corporal, who was standing near to Private Tompkins.

"Wasn't he?" shouted Sergeant Masterton. "Don't matter, then. Put him in the guardhouse for deceiving me!"

The Invincible Army.

Friend—How's your boy getting on in the army, Mr. Johnson?

Johnson—Wonderful! I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day and go to bed early can do anything!

There. A few days ago I visited an old friend of mine and she asked me to send a few lines to her son, who is also "Over There." This young man and his parents always thought seriously of me before I was married, but I never showed them anything more than friendship for him.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I am puzzled to know what to do, as I don't like to hurt his mother's feelings by not writing, at the same time, I am afraid I would not be doing the right thing toward my husband, and as I love him dearly and want to be true to him in all respects, I will thank you for your advice.

PUZZLED.

Why not state the case to your husband as clearly as you have to me, and ask him how he feels about your sending a postal or a friendly little note to the young soldier. I think your attitude quite proper in avoiding complications that may cause your husband to misunderstand your attitude.

Writing to An Old Friend.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been married now for a number of months, and my husband is a very good fellow.

What shall she give him? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago I met a young man whom I regarded as a very desirable friend. After about a month, during which time I saw him almost every day, he joined the army and is now in camp. Would it be proper for me to remember him with a little gift on his birthday, and if so, what might I give him?

I would be quite proper for you to remember the young soldier on his birthday. It is always a question, however, to know what to give a man in service, as the amount of space at the disposal is so limited. Why not give him one of those useful little kits, either toilet, medicine, or amusement, holding cards, checkers, etc., that are especially designed for soldiers?

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